see the cameo profiles of India's lords against the golden howdahs of their elephants entering Delhi, to wonder if the fairy procession could be mortal, or if Indra himself had descended from Heaven to lead a train of elephants upon earth again.

To be bidden to solemn pageants at the Court of St. James to meet impassive princes of the far celestial Empire, and the Moorish envoys who had left " civilisation " to wonder at western life. To imagine oneself Undine as the Jhelum's ripples flapped beneath the houseboat moored to a chenar-tree, and the kingfishers and golden orioles flashed across the water lanes leading to the lake where we disturbed the blushing lotus of the Dahl. To watch from a safe corner epicurean bears slip down to munch the mulberries left from after-noon tea, an hour later to see the setting sun gild the flapping wings of the giant pelicans on that other lake of the Woolar, Kashmir's inland sea. To sleep beneath the shadow of the world's greatest dome in the heart of an Indian desert, and to forsake the

presence of Viceroyalties to spend the afternoon instead in a solitude *a deux* with the porcelain dome of Delhi. To explore, attended only by a native guide,